Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him, giue this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamourd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such sowre companie?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What lesse then doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is blanisht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistermd, calling death banished,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin, ô rude vnthankfulnes,
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.

This

This is deare mercie, and thou see
Ro. Tis torture and not mercie
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery cat a
And litle mouse, euery vnworthy
Liue here in heauen, and may look
But *Romeo* may not. More validit
More honourable state, more cou
In carrion flies, then *Romeo*: they
On the white wonder of deare *Iu*
And steale immortall blessing fro
Who euen in pure and vestall mo
Still blush, as thinking their owne
This may flyes do, when I from t
And sayest thou yet, that exile is n
But *Romeo* may not, he is banishe
Flies may do this, but I from this m
They are freemen, but I am banish
Hadst thou no poyson mixt, no sh
No sudden meane of death, though
But banished to kill me: Banished
O Frier, the damned vse that word
Howling attends it, how hast thou
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confess
A sin obsoluer, and my friend prof
To mangle me with that word bani
Fri. Then fond mad man, heare
Ro. O thou wilt speake againe o
Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keep
Aduersities sweete milke, Philoso
To comfort thee though thou art b
Ro. Yet banished? hang vp philo
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *I*
Displant a towne, reuerse a Princes
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke
Fri. O then I see, that mad man
Ro. How should they when that

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.